FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The death is announced from the western coast of Africa of King Omoru. He leaves 700 widows. Of his ninety-five children seventy-seven are still alive. His eldest son has 400 wives.

—The wife and accomplice of Marin Fenayrou, the murderer of the druggist Aubert, at Pecq, France, under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, has obtained permission to share her husband's captivity in New Caledonia.

—A bust of Robert Burns, the cost of which has been defrayed by small subscriptions, will be placed in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, near the memorials of his fellow poets and countrymen, Campbell and Thomson.

—The executioner's tariff in the fourteenth century was lately discovered in the archives at Darmstadt. For boiling a criminal in oil the executioner received twenty-four florins; if the wretch was burnt alive the fee was fourteen florins, and ten for hanging. To break a man on the wheel cost six florins; the fee for the rack was five, and the same sum was charged for branding on the shoulder or forehead, or for cutting off the nose and ears.

—The number of distinguished female violinists is so constantly on the increase that the gentlemen players of the future will have difficulty in holding their own. One of the latest celebrities is a young Italian lady, Signora Tua, of whose accomplishments the Berlin and Vienna critics relate extraordinary things. Another young lady violinist is Fraulein Soldat, who has just won the great Mendelssohn prize of fifteen hundred marks at the Berlin Academy. She is a pupil of Herr Joachim.

—At a wayside inn in the south of France is a roasting-jack moved by animal power. Two dogs turn the machine, working alternately. One day the dog whose proper turn it was being absent, the other was caught and put on the wheel. He firmly refused, however, to work, and neither coaxing, threats nor chastisements produced any effect. After some delay the missing dog was found and set to the task. After he had nearly completed the job he was released, and the first tried again, and the animal so lately recusant now offered no opposition, and made the wheel revolve with a hearty good will till the roast was finished.

—During the French invasion of Mexico a plant was discovered which was found to possess the property—when chewed or crushed—of stopping hemorrhages. To the native Mexicans this plant was known by a name which may be rendered as "fowlwort." The discoverer carried a specimen to Versailles, and planted it in 1867, and it has since flourished, flowered, and fruited without apparent change in its peculiar qualities. The action of this plant is said to exceed that of all styptics known, and this valuable property is likely to give it a wider extension, especially as it seems to be so readily acclimated in foreign lands. Its botanical name is *Tralescantia erecta* (Jacq.)

—Herr Von Bismarck had a shoemaker who had often broken faith with him, despite his most solemn promises, and he at length resolved to put a stop to this sort of thing. One morning at six o'clock a messenger was dispatched to the dilatory shoemaker with the simple question: "Are Herr Von Bismarck's boots ready?" Being answered in the negative the messenger departed, but in ten minutes there was another ring at the shop door. A second messenger thrust in his head with the inquiry: "Are Herr Von Bismarck's boots ready?" And so it went on every ten minutes, the same question all the day through until evening, when at last the boots were finished. Never again did that shoemaker keep Bismarck waiting for his boots.

A Day in a Coffin.

"Here is a young woman who has had as curious an experience, I think, as any you ever heard of," said a Greenpoint lady to the reporter. "Clara, show him the plate."

Miss Clara Munce, who was sewing upon a dress for the lady who spoke, laid aside her work, and, going to a drawer in the sideboard, took out a silver coffin plate, which she offered for inspection. It bore the inscription:

CLARA MUNCE,
Died June 3, 1864,
Aged 16 years.

"Why, to whom does this refer?" asked the reporter.

"It refers to me," replied Miss Munce, quietly. "It was on my coffin—at least I suppose I may call it my coffin though I was not buried in it. I occupied it, however, for some hours, and had it not been for the intelligence of a lady who came to attend my funeral I should have been in it now. My uncle took it to his home in Chicago, where he is fond of showing it to his friends and telling my story. I kept the plate, which I seldom allow any one to see, for the recollections it awakens are not pleasant.

"When I was a young girl I was in very delicate health. I used to fall into trances, in which I knew all that was going on around me and heard every word said in the room where I lay, but I could not speak or make the slightest sign of life. My body grew gradually colder, but ordinarily I aroused myself with a start within ten or fifteen minutes. The doctor said it was a form of epilepsy, and warned me that some day or another an attack might be prolonged and mistaken for death. It always affected me under the same conditions. After sleeping, as consciousness slowly returned, I found myself wide awake, but unable to speak or move.

"After the doctor's caution, I began to grow afraid of myself. It was a horrible sensation. I dreaded to go to sleep at night, and, though drowsiness overpowered me at last, I awoke unrefreshed. During the day I was languid and tired, but I dared not lie down, for I knew by experience that if I slept by daylight I was almost certain to fall into a trance on awaking. As a consequence of all this mental disturbance I became seriously ill, and I was ordered to the country; but before arrangements could be made for me to go I was stricken down with brain fever, and my life was despaired of.

"Now, before the fever attacked me, and while I was confined to my bed by the sickness brought on by anxiety about my condition, the trances seemed to disappear. When I slept I was refreshed, and awoke at once to full vigor, and not, as formerly, by slow degrees, to wretched helplessness and immobility. I think I should have escaped the brain fever had it not been for the doctor. He told me that the epilepsy was only mustering its forces for an attack more vigorous than any I had yet experienced—as a storm sometimes lulls before it sweeps everything before it. He frightened me terribly, and my brain gave way.

"The brain fever was conquered, but I was very weak—so weak that I did not rally. The doctor, always cheerful, said I never would. I lay for days neither asleep nor awake, but not in a trance, for I could move and speak feebly. 'She may go out like the snuff of a candle at any minute,' said the doctor in my hearing, and I nearly verified his prediction by going out at once.

"One day—it was June 2, 1864—I felt that I was really improving. Life seemed to be coming back to me. The doctor had not noticed it, but I knew by the unwonted distinctness with which the rumble of the Greenpoint wagons struck upon my ear that I was gathering new strength. At last I grew tired, and, for the first time in several weeks, I slept soundly and healthily.

"I awoke slowly, and with the rigor of limb that I knew so well. An unutterable horror took possession of me as I felt that I was in a trance and remembered the good doctor's capacity for blundering. My fears were well founded, for half an hour later, when the nurse came to look at me, I heard her utter a quick exclammation of alarm, and hurrying away, she called my mother and sisters. The doctor was summoned, and arrived when all my relatives in the house were around my bed. He felt my pulse, put his hand upon my forehead, forced open one of my eyes, and examined the pupil, little thinking that I saw him as plainly as he saw me, and sorrowfully remarked:

"'I feared it. She is going fast!'

"Oh, the misery of that day and the night following! On the morning of June 3 my body was cold and stiff, and, while my mind was as active as ever, I knew that I looked like a corpse. My friends thought me dead, and when the doctor came they stood aside, silent and weeping, and made way for him to approach the bed. He looked at me steadily for a few seconds, and then said reverentially:

"'Yes, poor creature, she is gone,' and he covered my face with the sheet.

"And this was the man who had first told me that an epileptic fit might be so prolonged as to be mistaken for death. My indignation at that moment absolutely overpowered my fear. Otherwise, I believe I should have died on the spot.

"For more than two days I lay motionless on the bed. Tuberoses were strewn over me. Friends came to see me, and reminded each other of good qualities in me that neither by myself or others had ever before been suspected. I heard it all. Nobody spoke of me except as a corpse; none noticed what I am sure must have been apparent, that my face had not lost the color of life, and on the night of June 4 I lay beside my open coffin! On the morning of the 5th I was put into it, for I was to be buried that day.

"I had heard the inscription on the plate read aloud, over and over again: 'Clara Munce. Aged sixteen years. Poor girl. So young to be called away. But she was always delicate!' Oh, why could I not speak? I could not even try to speak or move. All volition seemed to have died in me, and I could only pray silently that I might die, too, before the last rites were performed, but I felt that there was little chance of that, because I was full of life.

"The undertaker's men were in the room, waiting to fasten down the coffin lid. Kisses innumerable had been pressed upon my face, and I had given up all hope of life, when an old lady, worth all the rest of the visitors put together, elbowed the others out of the way, and stood beside the coffin. She was my Aunt Jane, and she had come from Albany to see her favorite niece for the last time. Her presence seemed to calm me, for we loved each other so well that I could not think it possible that she would allow me to be buried alive. She was stooping to kiss me when she suddenly started back with the very simple and homely remark,

"'Why, her nose is bleeding!'

"It was perfectly true, though up to that time nobody had noticed it. My mental agony had made my nose bleed.

"Now, the doctor knew quite enough about his business to be very much startled at seeing fresh blood flowing from a body that had been dead two days. He examined my face and said hastily, as he for the first time noticed the color. 'Take her back to bed.'

"The suddenness and immensity of the relief restored all my faculties, and as the men took me up I said, with hardly an effort, and in perfect natural tones:

"'Thank you, doctor. How are you, Auntie?'

"I think I have told you nearly the whole story. I recovered very quickly, and have never had a trance since. The doctor still practices medicine in Greenpoint, and is considered one of its best authorities on diseases of children, and whenever he sees me he tells me confidentially that from the first he had a 'latent suspicion that the vital spark lingered somewhere,' but I do him the justice to discredit the statement.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mrs. Lucy Stone, in a recent lecture at Providence, R. I., describing her Woman Suffrage campaign in Nebraska, said the foreign element was very strong in that State. There were whole counties populated by Swedes, who were a very good people; and also there were very many Germans in the State. The farmers were the best that could be found anywhere. The women among the foreign population worked in the fields with the men.

—A one-legged and one-armed colored man, who supports himself by driving a cart, doing all his work as quickly and thoroughly as any teamster with the full complement of limbs, is noted by the Camden (N. J.) *Daily Post* as one of the most remarkable men in the city.

PITH AND POINT.

—Money does not make the man; it is the man that makes the money who commands respect.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Good cider can not be made from rotten apples," remarks an agricultural exchange. That's very singular, and lots of people will hesitate to adopt such a startling theory.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Agriculturist" writes to know how to keep seeds from the depredations of mice? Answer—Keep the mice full of cheese, which we believe they prefer, when they can get it, to seeds.—*The Judge.*

—It is not always the man who has the most learning who knows the most. It sometimes happens that when a man fills his head with lumber he has to take out his brains to make room for it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper, to move or pay rent. "I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg; "I have always moved."—*Boston Transcript.*

—When Brown failed to catch the young lady who slapped his hands at Copenhagen, Fogg remarked that it was quite a marine disaster. "A smack lost, you know," he explained in answer to the interrogating glances levied at him from all sides.

—A scientific journal heads an article: "Wanted—A Substitute for Leather." From a careful reading of our paragraphic exchanges during the past six months, we conclude that many fathers have adopted a cross dog as a substitute for leather. It goes right to the spot with the same earnestness—if not a little more so.—*The Judge.*

—"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew that she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A London rate-payer, in great excitement, arrived almost breathless at a school board polling station in Hackney. "I want to vote for a woman!" he called out. "Ah," said a friendly voice, "I suppose you mean Miss Miller?" "No," replied the rate-payer; "that's not her name. Let me sit down and think. I saw it on a placard as I came along." Thinks aloud. "I have it. Poll Early—that's her!"

—Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters, call me Peet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Walter Nevegold, a lad fifteen years of age, living in Bristol, Pa., has patented important improvements in rolling-mill machinery. He is said to be the youngest inventor on the records at Washington.

—A company has been formed in Iowa for the purpose of manufacturing sporting shot from iron. It is stated that the trials which have been made of the shot have proved it to be fully equal and in some respects superior to lead shot.

—It has been noticed that copper when melted with salt and subsequently cooled is much tougher than ordinary copper, this being due, in all probability, to the removal of the cuprous oxide which is generally present in greater or less quantities.

—A physician in Erie, Pa., has discovered a chemical preparation which he claims will preserve dead bodies in a condition "natural as life" for five thousand years. By retaining this mixture for the exclusive benefit of his own deceased patients he expects to become immensely popular and secure all the medical practice of his town.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—An average day's work for a bricklayer is 1,500 bricks on outside and inside walls; on facings and angles and finishing around wood or stone work, not more than half of this number can be laid. To find the number of bricks in a wall, first find the number of square feet of surface, and then multiply by 7 for a 4-inch wall, by 14 for an 8-inch wall, by 21 for a 12-inch wall, and by 28 for a 16-inch wall.—*The Household.*

—The first lot of tacks ever made in California have been turned out by works recently erected near Oakland. The manufacture of this useful article will now continue at the rate of about a ton a day. Over 150 men are now at the buildings, and 300 workmen will be employed when the different manufactories are in full operation. Files and other hardware will also be made. The iron used is mined in the State.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—In Scotland there are ninety-nine factories engaged in the jute industry, having 183,056 spinning spindles; 5,855 doubling spindles; 10,000 power looms, and employing 8,920 males and 21,841 females, jute pickers. Men receive $4.15 per week for fifty-six hours' work. Women receive $2.88; coarse spinners, female, receive $2.62 per week; loom weavers, male, are paid $3.75, and female, $2.50 respectively, for fifty-six hours' work.

—Twenty billion wooden hoops are used in the large packing establishments of the country for barrels alone. Now a hoop-maker will make 150 hoops in a day of ten hours, twelve or fourteen feet lengths. An exceptionally good hoop-maker will produce 300 eight-foot in a day of ten hours, and after this has been done these hoops must be again finish-shaved by the cooper before he can notch them, bevel the ends, or drive them. A couple of Bostonians have invented a machine, the production of which, stated within bounds, will be 20,000 eight-foot marketable hoops in ten hours.

—A Kentuckian's idea of life insurance: "I don't make none of them bets, stranger, that a man must die before he wins."

Our Young Folks.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

There's an army that musters its legions,
And marches to roll-call each day;
And happy and blest are the regions
Wh ch lie in that army's bright way.
They troop over hillock and hollow,
They spring across brooklet and pool,
And gayly and cheerily follow
The summons which bids them to school.

By thousands the army is numbered,
Its soldiers are fresh as the morn;
Not one is by sorrow encumbered,
Not one is by care overborne.
At decimals sometimes they stumble,
And sometimes by verbs are perplexed;
And the proudest grows saddened and humbled
When a question is passed to the next.

But forgot at the briefest vacation
Are problems and puzzles and prose,
The grief of the stern conjugation,
That late was a fountain of woes;
And the army goes back to its duty
The hour that play-time is done,
Resplendent in love and in beauty,
Unmatched 'neath the light of the sun.

They gather, this wonderful army,
In field and in grove and in street;
Their voices are music to charm me,
So ringing and eager and sweet.
Their cheeks are as red as a cherry,
Their eyes are as pure as the day,
And the sound of their marching is merry,
Wherever they pass on their way.

There are people forever a-sighing
And saying the world is all wrong;
But somehow their doubts take to flying
At sight of th s wonderful throng.
The world *may* be clouded and weary,
Of trouble and toil may be full,
But at least there is hope where the cheery
Dear children are going to school.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

THE MYSTERIOUS THIEF.

It was a quiet summer afternoon, and I was sitting at my window, looking out upon the lovely view that lay in the lengthening shadows before me. The hills were deepening from a delicate violet to a deeper purple, the sunlight was fading from the sky, which was rich with its crimson softness, and not a breath stirred to rouse the flowers from their long afternoon nap.

"Baby," now six years old, was busy with her doll, "Joan D'Arc," by name; so-called, because of her mysterious eyes, which, Baby thought, bore a striking resemblance to those of that heroine's picture. Her wardrobe disturbed her motherly notion of tidiness, and a small toy wash-tub had been brought out from the baby-house, with all the laundry appurtenances, and the little maiden, with the sleeves of her gamp rolled up and an important look on her baby face, was emulating the laundress' skill, with a consummate gift for acting, that filled my mother's heart with tender pride.

At last the little dress was ready to be whitened, and I watched Baby with a lazy smile, as, utterly ignoring the fact that the sun was almost ready to say good-night, she stepped out on the little grass-plot in front of the cottage, and stretched its small proportions into a proper place, and, turning back, resumed her stand at the little wash-tub. How pretty she was, with the long, fair curls caught back with a tortoise-shell pin she had taken from my cashion, and her little apron turned up to enable her to realize more vividly her "situation."

But even with so enchanting a picture before me, my eyelids slowly drooped, and I only knew that I had fallen asleep by being aroused by an excited little cry of trouble. "What has happened?" I asked, starting anxiously up.

"Why! Joan D'Arc's dress has gone, mamma," came the quiet reply; and looking out, I saw Baby standing, a very picture of astonishment, with the rest of the doll's wardrobe wet and crumpled between her little hands, the work of bleaching being summarily and completely brought to an end.

"Gone! Oh! that is impossible," I said, calmly; "of course it is there, dear."

"But where, mamma?" came the question, so practical, that my vague assertion proved itself at once valueless. I leaned forward, and looked out of the window, feeling bound to produce proof of my superior wisdom. But, seeing no speck of white visible on the grass-plot, I said quietly, with ready ingenuity: "Why, Baby, the wind must have blown it away."

She turned her deep blue eyes towards me, and stood quite still for a moment, and then said, slowly: "But where is the *wind*, mamma?"

Seeing it was the still, sultry day it was, this logical question, only augmenting the difficulty as to the whereabouts of the wind as well as of the dress, roused me from my romancing to immediate action. I got up from my chair, and joined Baby in the garden.

After asking the usual questions in such cases, viz.: "Exactly where did you put it?" "Then where did you go?" How long did you stay?" etc., *ad infinitum*, I sat down again, with Baby standing by my side, and tried to solve the curious mystery.

Perhaps some little child had strayed into the garden, and, coveting Joan's dress, had absconded with it, while Baby was busy at the little tub; and so comforting her with the promise of another, which promise I immediately proceeded to fulfil, I went back to the little cottage parlor.

Baby, having spread the remainder of the doll's garments on the grass, came and, drawing her little chair by my side, watched me as I began my dress-making.

I drew from my scrap-basket a dainty bit of dotted muslin and some pretty lace, and Joan's robe was fairly under way, when Baby, springing from her little chair, cried out, between despair and dismay:

"Why, mamma, *they'se* gone too!" I followed her gaze to the empty grass-plot, in utter bewilderment.

"Some one must be the thief!" I exclaimed, at last: "Here! Baby," as a sudden thought flashed across my mind, "Take these little scraps of muslin and lace, and dampen them, and lay them out on the grass, just as you did the rest, and we will drop the lace curtain and watch behind it, and discover who it is." And having laid the snare, we sat in breathless stillness watching for our prey.

But the minutes came and went, and not a sound disturbed the serenity of the dying day. Baby had climbed into my lap, and was a picture for an artist's brush, as she sat with crimson cheeks and shining eyes, her tiny fingers laid warningly on her lips, as nurse came in to take her away for her tea. Not a voice, not a step, not a sound. Still we watched with persistent resolution. The quiet was unbroken, save by a robin, who hopped suspiciously across the lawn, so ignorant of our dilemma, so innocent of all such evil, mundane matters as theft or crime.

I turned to nurse, and said in a low tone, in response to Baby's eager whisper in my ear, that her tea might be indefinitely postponed to-night, and, turning back to my post, found the grass again devoid of the decoys we had set. With heightened interest we arranged them again, and this time nothing tempted me to lift my eyes from the window.

Five—ten minutes—passed, and then again came the robin, hopping innocently along. For want of any other object, we lazily watched him as he ran over the grass, now pausing to look from side to side, as though fearing sight or sound. Nearer and nearer he came to our bits of lace, when suddenly, after one rapid survey in all directions, with a quick dart he caught them in his beak, and flew upwards.

Dropping Baby from my lap, I ran hastily out on the lawn, and, following his flight, I called back: "Hurry, Baby! tell John to bring a ladder, quick!"

With cries of delight, Baby executed my commission, and when at last I paused beneath a large tree, in which the bird had found a hiding-place, I was soon joined by Baby, nurse, John and the ladder. We all stood in breathless expectation, while John plunged into the upper boughs; and when from the nest he brought down all the little lost garments, as well as the lace and muslin, which had proved such successful decoys, Baby's delight knew no bounds.

But we had learnt a lesson, never in any similar situation to accuse any one of theft, and, in the beautiful and ingenuous unsuspiciousness that has taken possession of us, are a most delightful prey for any enterprising pickpockets. But, as Baby said the next morning at breakfast, thereby delighting her laughter-loving papa: "*Is* it the reason they call it a *rob-in*?"—*N. Y. Observer.*

How Jennie Let in the Cat.

It was snowing hard when Jennie went to bed. It began about four o'clock, just after the sun had tucked himself close around with clouds before going to sleep. In the room where Jennie slept a bright fire was burning, and the flicker upon the wall kept her awake till long past the night time. But by and by the little girl went fast asleep, and was just dreaming of a sleigh-ride that was almost three weeks long, when she woke up again as wide awake as ever. The fire was out and the tip end of Jennie's nose was cold as an icicle.

"Me-ow."

"O, dear, dear, dear," cried Jennie, sitting up in bed and rubbing her eyes to make them see better, "there's Mumpsy out in the cold as sure as I live."

Yes, indeed, poor Mumpsy, with her four little kittens down in the cellar on the shavings almost crying their eyes open, was out of doors without a single doubt.

Jennie slipped down from the bed and went into the hall. The house was very still, and the lights in the library were out; so she knew papa was in bed.

But the hall gas was burning, as it always did, and what would be easier than to run down and open the front door for old Mumpsy? So the bare little feet pattered down the broad front stairs and across the hall.

"What lots of locks and chains," Jennie said to herself as she twisted the big key and the little one, and then pulled out the chain bolt.

Then with both hands she tugged and tugged at the knob, and in another minute the door flew open.

"Ding-aling-aling-aling-aling-aling!" Such a racket you never, never heard. It was the burglar alarm; and in almost no time papa was standing at the head of the stairs with a real gun in his hands, while mamma, with a candle, was looking over his shoulder to see what a true burglar looked liked. But they didn't see much to be afraid of—only a little girl about as high as the second step with ten little bare toes standing in a row. O, yes, they did see something else. It was a cat that came running in and scooted down cellar as fast as four legs would carry her.

Papa turned off the burglar alarm, and came down and took his little girl in his arms, carrying her lovingly up stairs.

"Mumpsy was crying for the babies, and I let her in," said Jennie. "Don't scold, papa."

Do you suppose he did? Does anybody suppose he did?

But I know a little girl who had a very big and sugary gum-drop before she really went to sleep that night.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Curious Atmosphere.

The other afternoon, although the weather was very cold, the heavens became obscured by a peculiar vapor, which seemed neither fog nor smoke, nor yet clouds. Though the sun could be plainly seen, it presented precisely the same appearance as when viewed through smoked glass. To the southward this vapor appeared of an orange hue, while to the west it was blue. Some of our people, looking in that direction, called out: "Old Mount Davidson has got the blues!" and really, everything in that direction had the blues. About four o'clock the whole mass of vapor moved east and settled down over the valley above the Carson River. There it presented a white appearance, hiding all the valley land and low hills, but allowing the peaks of the Como range of mountains to be seen. Next the mass of vapor separated into several distinct stratums, and these slowly ascended to the regions of the upper clouds. While this was going on there was visible on the eastern horizon a broad band of deep blue with above a corresponding band of a deep rose red. In all other directions the heavens were perfectly clear and of the usual mild azure hue.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

—The extreme western boundary of the United States is in the Island of Attoo, as far beyond San Francisco as that city is from Maine. San Francisco is thus only the half-way station in the journey across our country.—*Chicago Tribune.*